

Charmer Snake

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Charmer Snake

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Summary

You ever looked into the eyes of a snake and thought *damn, that's one hella fine snake, charming as shit?* No? Because I have.

Notes

Inspired by this [poem](#) by A. Bentley

- Translation into Deutsch available: [Restricted Work] by [Vaysh](#)

You ever looked into the eyes of a snake and thought *damn, that's one hella fine snake, charming as shit*? No? Because I have.

Looked straight into its beady red eyes and thought, *I'd follow that snake. Till death do us part, I'd infatuate that snake*. Follow it to the darkness of the grave, through the fires of rebirth, past the depthness of a still lake.

If the snake told you to eat, you'd eat. If it told you to starve, you'd starve. If it told you to live, you'd live. Like hell, would you live— vicious and cruel and alive. Running and climbing and falling. *So alive!* Yet, if it told you to die, you'd die, just like that you'd be dead. With 2 gasping puffs of breath, one roll of an eyeball, you'd be dead.

Or what if it told you to kill? Would you do it? Surely you wouldn't.

You're stronger than that. Why would you have to kill? Surely pain and pulsing is enough. Pulsating bodies writhing in pain, dancing on the ground, painted in red. Surely, that is enough.

It is not enough.

If the snake told you to kill would you do it? *I did*. Lit the room in green, then bathed in the quiet. Felt the coldness of death sweep down from above. Cried in the shadows and apologized in the night.

The snake circles you in pride, hissing its ascent, wanting to penetrate you and you let it. Infiltrating your despair, coiling through your flickering fidelity. The snake is the past, present, and future, *your* future.

It is the beginning (and the end).

You look at that snake, at its angular pointy head, its flat gaping nose and milky white shell. *Yes, you think, that's my snake. Mine for the taking, mine to consume, MINE.*

And it is yours... Until it isn't. Until it's not.

When the snake is not yours but *ours*. When the snake is the collective, the organized mind, the insurgence of ideas. The snake is popular, promiscuous, ruthless in appetite and restless in sleep. The snake is worldly, never grounded, dangerous and alluring.

The snake is not yours. It never was.

Now what? The snake is a lie, a sweet vengeful lie. Yet, you cannot turn away. With its fangs sunk into your clammy neck, its tail suffocating your traitorous torso, you cannot turn away. And so, you stay. You stay at the table watching the roll of tense muscle and the flash of green scales. Is that what you want? To watch the snake wind through the smoke of towns set aflame, wander through the mud of monster ravaged forests and the damp of rat infested dungeons.

No, that's not what you want. And still, the snake is your future.

What if you weren't looking at the snake because you *were* the snake? Would that make a difference or not really? It's still one *hella fine* snake, whether it's you or not you. Because it is you... but it isn't.

What if instead of the snake charming you, you were already charmed because the snake *is* you and *you* are the snake? *You*, slinking and sliding against the world. What would you do? Would you sleek your way to wealth and shining riches, glisten your made-up trophies and duplicate your expired coins? Or would you hide them away, your ghostly tiara and mortal ring?

No, you wouldn't do that.

You would sidle your way into the center, into the power behind it all. Behind the corruptness and the wrongness. Would you make it right? Maybe, maybe not. What's right is wrong; what's wrong is right. And so, you do wrong to make things right. Or maybe, what's wrong is already right.

In the end it doesn't really matter, because you are there, in the middle of the maze, slytherin through the rose bushes, spreading through the grass. It is you in the cauldron, floating from the flames, burning in the warmth. It is you flying through the blue, being blinded by the black.

But that's not really you. Is it? It's just a skin, a callous salient skin, prickling and peeling until there's nothing left underneath. Nothing but rot and contempt at the fragility of humanity. You are not like them, because you are a *snake*. Slimy, slippery, and better than *them*.

Humanity will fall, chained to the ground, they will lie and twist through apples and thorns. But you will not, because you are not them. You are a snake. You are the 3—the original, the excessive, the immortal. You will never be them; they will never be you.

You are a snake... Except you aren't. Except you're not.

You are *not* the snake. You are its charmer, weaving a salacious tune, gripping for dominance. You wait in the desert, parched for attention, flowing to the notes, whispering to the followers. Does the snake heed to you? It didn't to me. Perhaps I played the wrong chord or tapped the wrong foot.

The snake never slipped for me.

Maybe you'll be different. Maybe you're the chosen one, the one destined from thousands, prophesied amongst millions. Although, you know what they say about prophecy, don't you? If it said then it *must* be, even if it doesn't *have* to be, even if it *shouldn't* be. If you covered your ears, slashed your eyes, smashed it to bits, drowned the sharp pieces, would it still be?

That's the problem with prophecies: *What is said is what comes to be* .

Here you are, the snake charmer, charming the snake. That's what's been prophesied, or so I've been told. With your lute and your broken basket, you play and you sway. Venomous smiles and dexterous breaths, you charm *the fuck* out of that snake.

Charming is control. It is power and manipulation and greed.

It is the end (and the beginning).

So you look into its 2 gleaming red eyes and you think *damn, that's one hell a fine snake*.

What if the snake charmed *you* ? What would you do?

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